

**Tyler's**  
FIRST AND BROAD STS.  
INCORPORATED  
Correct Dress for Women

An Extraordinary  
Clearance Sale of  
150 High-Grade  
Ladies'  
Suits

Before Stock Taking

We Take Inventory January 31st

In order that we may dispose of all FALL SUITS before that time we have taken exceptional means to accomplish same. And remember the first callers get the choice pick of the Highest Grade Suits.

**Monday—To-Morrow Morning**

We will offer any Lady's or Miss's Suit in stock for

**\$19.50**

This includes all Two and Three-Piece Suits, many of them our regular \$39.50 to \$60.00 qualities.

**Tuesday—January 25th**

All that remains will be sold; none reserved; choice for

**\$17.50**

**Wednesday—January 26th**

Choice of any that are left will be sold for

**\$15.00**

**Thursday—January 27th**

If any still remain, will be sold for, choice at

**\$12.50**

**Friday—January 28th**

A general clean-up of all odds and ends. Any Suit left, whether it be a \$20.00 or \$60.00 Suit, you can have your choice for

**\$10.00**

This is an offer never before heard of in the mercantile history of Richmond. Come and see and judge for yourself.

NOTICE.—We will also offer big bargains in COATS and FURS during this remarkable sale.

A Sale That  
Will Make  
the Fame  
of Our  
Values Ring  
Throughout  
the Whole  
of  
Richmond  
and Vicinity

Women's  
Department

F. L. Mandlove,  
Manager

Just Received  
50 Misses'  
New Spring  
Suits, Made in  
the Latest  
Spring Styles,  
of the Leading  
Materials, all  
Colors. Spec-  
ially Priced,  
**\$12.50**  
ea.  
No Charge for  
Alterations.

## SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

A Negative View—Second Paper—By Frances Courtenay Baylor

A word now as to development in this new movement for the emancipation of woman, following upon that of her protection, these being the two great demands of the party. In one of Bourdaine's superb sermons he gave this account of the creation of woman: "Our Creator did not choose to make Eve from the head of man, lest she should set herself on a perilous level with him and dispute his authority; nor from his feet, lest he should trample her underfoot in haste or rage; not from his hands, for the work of the world was to be done by the man in the main, with wisdom, foresight, force, skill; but from his side, to be his heart's delight, comfort, cheer, his companion and friend, the good mother of his dear children, the mistress of his servants, the unspeakable reward of all his labors."

This, with the chapter in the Bible which says: "She looketh well to the ways of her household," "The price of a virtuous woman is above rubies," "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her," makes as good a description of a woman—not a creature in men's clothing—as can be found in all literature.

Vanity, restlessness, love of notoriety, are presenting to us every day a type of female that is the very reverse of them all, but for heaven's sake let us translate and find out where they are leading the sex before we go in for development. And if a tree is to be known by its sprouts (and the germ of every oak is to be found in its

acorn), we may well ask ourselves seriously what the perfect fruit of such violence, vulgarity, self-will, publicity and perverse substitution of sentimental, hysterical interference with and seizure of men's duties and responsibilities for the very plain, self-evident, necessary and noble work of a woman can lead to?

There is first the intellectual vanity of the college-bred woman, who, having a fair knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, thinks herself a De Quincey or Walter Savage Landor, which is quite a mistake, with all due respect to the acquisitions which Dr. Holmes says the sex lightly feather dust, whereas a German savant delights to give fourteen hours a day for sixty years to properly classifying one family of seaweed. But if a woman were able to take any chair in any university on earth, and every chair she would still be as a woman (save in so far as she had given practical and refined religious training to girls and fitted them for the life each would be obliged to live), a failure. It isn't worth while to go to the expense and trouble of making a miniature Corliss engine to crack an almond, when a huge one can do far better and more important work.

The writer saw an amusing proof of this some years ago at an afternoon tea. Into a room full of people came a nondescript person, dressed in a divided skirt, a man's long coat, a derby hat, a man's undergarment and sport-

ing a jockey pin, holding a loud cravat in place. She (he or it) carried a cane, sat down, crossed her legs, and after some minutes lit a cigarette and proceeded with unspokeable conceit and bad breeding to attract the attention of about forty people in a way that showed a good deal of mental confusion as to what constitutes celebrity and what notoriety. She made a great many statements in a loud, dictatorial, nasal voice, as one who said: "I am of the opinion that ought to be read so-and-so" or "has it occurred to you to look at the matter in this light?" had filled the silence created by such orations. At last he burst out with: "I beg pardon, but really I must say that you are quite mistaken." He then very quietly, but in a most clever, masterful way (in the best sense—the masterfulness of the man who knows), without discourtesy or malice, set her right, giving his authorities, and proving clearly his point. Up rose she, seized his hand (his expression was delicious), shook it ardently, exclaiming: "I see we think alike. I have always thought as you do. It was only an argument, you see. I am delighted to have had the great honor to meet you. I have dreamed of this," and took her departure.

"Who is she?" asked the scientist. "By George! I am glad I never dreamed of her. She's a regular nightmare! The Litany needs some new petitions badly to suit the times."

This was not much like the feeling that Thackeray put into Henry Esmond's heart when he said of his wife: "To think of her is to praise God"—the most beautiful thing that ever was said of a woman. And she little resembles that portrait of a grande dame of which Thackeray said: "She looks your hat off." If her tribe decrease, not multiply, and that is not saying that a woman's range is the kitchen range, either, though a perfect command of a good stove, even good bread, will do more for a nation than a million such professors—who was a professor. Bacteriology, botany, zoology, and anatomy and pathology are fine old sciences, productive of immense comfort, and entirely too much neglected. In these yeasty, topsy-turvy, distracted days, it would give a man some idea where his women folk were, and what about it they regulated popular favor, instead of this wondering if by any accident they could possibly be at home, and not at the cheap theatres, the soda water fountains, the bargain counter, or roaming the streets at large, day and night, habitually regarding the home as only a place to eat, sleep and dress in. A multi-millionaire of my acquaintance once said to me: "A few acquaintances, a few friends of mine, have what I should call homes, but isn't it people took to sitting around a hole in the wall, and going somewhere, anywhere (anything except the place they are in nowadays for the women), every night of their lives, and almost

every day. It has been decaying. One could be reasonably sure of finding a wife or a daughter or an aunt or a cousin or some woman in the house when one came back from the office when I was young, and nothing unsettles a man like getting into an empty house, with his wife gone, his daughters somewhere in space, and as like as not an untidy hearth, and a mighty poor dinner, with a nod in pickle if he opens his mouth on the subject. I've got \$2,000,000 of city property, a picture gallery that stands high among connoisseurs, a small army of valets, a fine library and a lot of autos and carriages, but hang it! I want a home. I want one like the one I remember—not grand, but so comfortable; family prayers, a well-swept hearth, an easy chair, the evening lamp, and all the family present and accounted for, sewing, reading, talking, pulling candy, laughing, dancing sometimes, singing hymns Sunday evenings—united, happy. I'd go and board there for the rest of my life if they would have me. I have got an old cousin in Maryland who is half-blind, stone-deaf and all crippled up with rheumatism so she can't get out. I am thinking of asking her to come and live with me, so I can have her white cap and her black dress to look at to rest me a little. She was over here two years ago, and it was worth money to me to see her sitting down quietly in her corner, knitting socks for the poor, or reading her Bible. Do you know anybody that darns stockings or reads the Bible every day nowadays? What is the matter with the women anyway? They are always trying to thread a needle at a time as St. Francis de Sales says, and the man who spent nine years learning to chain a flea by the leg for his show purposes couldn't hold on to them."

This was laughable enough to hear, but are there no wrongs to the men that it suggests? Do the advanced women, who laugh at sentiment in marriage, look at the relation from even a practical, business-like point of view—Jones & Co., Limited, say—and in return for the house, fuel, food, servants, lights, taxes, water rates, furniture bills, doctors' bills, clothing bills, amusements and traveling expenses provided by Jones's labors, does Mrs. Jones give even honest, I won't say kind, return by fulfilling faithfully her share of a business contract? Just suppose that man neglected to plow and sow and build and buy and sell and dig and drain and slave with brain and pen as often as some women intermittently, carelessly, grumblingly perform or leave undone their domestic duties, where should we be? If we are to have a grand readjustment of the sexes to the duties of life, let us hope that the women, God bless 'em, will shine in ten hours' bridge building or ship scrubbing or train dispatching or coal mining per diem. But I have my doubts. I think the men could be trusted to have a good fire, easy chairs, something to eat, perhaps something to drink, and plenty of tobacco, with a right hearty welcome for old friends and pretty girls. For where is the honest man whose heart does not warm to a pretty girl, a good dinner, his favorite hound? God made 'em so, and where's the harm? O, the marriages that have gone to smash because many women feel it to be a crime that their husbands should love peace and comfort—women who make war on a favorite old dressing gown and are never done lecturing on the shabby old slippers that fit so delightfully; women who abuse the villainous smell of a cherished pipe, forgetting that it is better to fume than to fret, and that a pipe "opens the lips of a philosopher, but shuts the mouth of a fool," praise be to St. Nicola, the kind; women who are a perpetual smoking chimney themselves, and being able to rule their own spirits, be sure to govern the country to perfection, is really pathetic, and reminds one irresistibly of the little boy who looks up and says: "I can jump over this house." Only little boys don't try, and so don't get hurt.

"Politics like a paddler's pack, will make any man stoop in the long run," says Sam Slick, but there have been plenty of good men creating and overruling the affairs of every great nation in Christendom in every age. We can reasonably hope to see such as long as they are needed. But the demand for Meddlesome Matties is small, and it is by no means convincingly proved that there is any real need of them at all, where the budget and the Constitution and the Supreme Court and the army and the navy and the chambers of commerce and the church really seem to be getting along nicely without one of them in maintaining a great country and ruling it (after the feeble, intuitive, unaided intellects, dim lights and inexperienced methods of mere men are considered and allowed for) really very creditably indeed, verily. At least that seems to be the general verdict at home and abroad. We all remember a period in which the women of Virginia shone. There was no talk of conventions then, never a talk of a caucus; committees, outside of church work, were unheard of. Opinions on subjects with which they were necessarily unfamiliar were given with modesty and humility. No woman ever spoke of "my work," not one of them had "a mission" or was known as an agitator or a reformer of anything, least of all the men whom they loved, honored and obeyed. Her husband, her children, her servants, her friends, her neighbors, the stranger, the sick, the poor, the church, knew her. The world only saw the beautiful, well-ordered home, the men who have made this State honored all over it, and that benediction incarnate of God, a gentle, sweet, refined, Christian woman, in her own place. She was as sweet as heaven.

### Keidsville Social News.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
Reidsville, N. C., January 22.—Misses Janie Wilhott and Louise Craig have been on a visit of a few days to Miss Julia Denny, of Greensboro, N. C.

Mrs. John G. Staples entertained Wednesday at her residence on Lindsey Street the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hughes have returned to Reidsville after an absence of a year or more, and will make their home here permanently.

Miss Gertrude Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Harris, has been spending several days with her friend, Mrs. W. W. Pettit, of Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Smith, of Greensboro, N. C., have been on a visit this week to Mrs. Smith's parents.

J. C. Barker, a former citizen of Reidsville, but now a resident of Indianapolis, Ind., after spending some time with his relatives in this section, returned to his adopted home a few days ago.

B. F. Sprinkle, who was for a number of years a citizen of Reidsville, but moved with his family to Jacksonville, Fla., last fall, is visiting his old friends here this week.

Spotsylvania Social News.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
Spotsylvania, Va., January 22.—Thomas Stokely Coleman, who has been visiting in Richmond for several days, has returned home.

Henry McGavock, of Philadelphia, is visiting friends in Spotsylvania.

Dr. J. Glenroy Harris, of Chilhowie,

# The Illustrated Sunday Magazine of The Times-Dispatch

Which is to be given away with this paper every Sunday, beginning with February 6, has been the greatest newspaper success ever witnessed in the United States.

The beautiful colored covers on high grade super paper, by Harrison Fisher, F. Graham Cootes, Howard Chandler Christy, Frank X. Leyendecker and all other leading cover artists, have aroused most favorable comment throughout the country.

Its Contributors Include Many Famous Authors

### SUCH AS

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER  
THEODORE ROBERTS  
EDGAR JEPSON  
RUDYARD KIPLING  
GEO. RANDOLPH CHESTER  
EDWIN L. SABIN  
DAVID GRAY  
ELLIOTT FLOWER  
GEN. CHARLES KING  
MAXIM GORKY  
COUNT LEO TOLSTOI  
EDGAR MELS  
CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT  
FRANKLYN P. ADAMS  
DON MARK LEMON  
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM  
C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE  
H. RIDER HAGGARD  
ALFRED HENRY LEWIS  
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW  
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KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN  
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THOMAS A. EDISON  
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CLINTON SCOLLARD  
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EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY  
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CHARLES BERESFORD  
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE  
ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT  
CLARA MORRIS  
CURTIS GUILD, JR.  
HAROLD BINDLOSS  
AND MANY OTHERS

No other magazine ever numbered such a distinguished list among its regular contributors as those now writing for the Illustrated Sunday Magazine. REMEMBER—The Illustrated Sunday Magazine can be obtained only with

## The Times-Dispatch And Through No Other Newspaper

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visited Mrs. J. D. Hart several days ago.

Mrs. W. Edwards, of Severn, N. C., is on a visit to Mrs. Katie Knight.

Mrs. Richardson has returned home after spending some time on the Eastern Shore.

Mrs. Robert Graves, of Berkeley, is visiting her father, R. T. Andrews.

Miss Susie Knight entertained the Book Club several days ago.

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

THE LEACH SANATORIUM, of Indianapolis, Ind., has published a book on cancer, which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer; tells what to do in case of pain, bleeding, odor, etc.; instructs in the care of the patient and is, in fact, a valuable guide in the management of any case. The book is sent free to those interested who write for it mentioning this paper.

### Boykins Social News.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
Boykins, Va., January 22.—James Gibson, of Franklin, Va., and Harrell, of Rocky Mount, N. C., are guests of Mrs. Fannie Bryant.

Mrs. J. R. Darden, of Newsome, Va.,

## Prices Smashed

In Order to Make Room for  
New Stock.

Every Article is  
Reduced to a Price

That is Low Enough to Suit Any  
Pocket-Book.

Suits, Coats,  
Skirts, Dresses.

Suits that were \$22.50 now... \$10.00  
Suits that were \$23.50 now... \$12.00  
Suits that were \$25.00 now... \$12.50  
Suits that were \$27.50 now... \$15.00

Misses' and Ladies' Cloaks and One-Piece Dresses Half Price.  
\$40.00, \$35.00 and \$32.50 Chiffon Broadcloth Suits, in black and colors, now \$25.00 and \$27.50.

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417 E. Broad Street,  
Enter Thru Nelson's Shoe Store.  
Second Floor. Take Elevator.

